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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"TO BE of good cheer because the world has been overcome, and death vanquished; to feel one's self a part of the infinite meaning and value of life; to feel the mortal putting on immortality, claiming an eternity for itself, and living as seeing him who is invisible, because life means so much, and is worth such consecration and such courage and such faith—this is the achievement and the message and the everlasting gospel of the One to whom the prophets and the sages were clear but distant voices."

—The Closing Words of the Last Sermon Preached by Rev. Frederick Dewhurst, in University Church, Chicago, October 28, Two Weeks Before His Death.

CONTENTS

Notes 263
The Frenzied Bazaar 265
Riches—*Llewellyn E. Hughes* 266
The Answer—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles* 266
Mother Bickerdyke as I Knew Her—Mrs. Florence S. Kellogg 266

CORRESPONDENCE—
New York State Conference of Religion—Joseph Seiser .....
A Tribute to Frederic E. Dewhurst—Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke .....
Fallen Leaves—*Thoreau* 271

THE WATCH TOWER—P. S. W. 272
W. P. T. 273

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 274
The Best of Gifts—*Julia Sargent-Fisher* 274

THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 275

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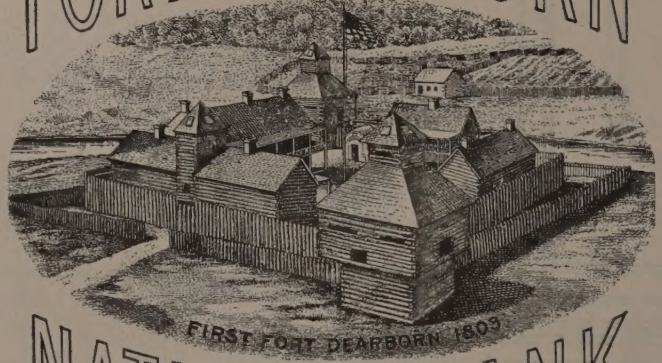

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1906 NUMBER 14

"One subject which every good citizen should have at heart above all others is the matter of child labor. Everywhere the great growth of modern industrialism has been accompanied by abuses in connection with the employment of labor which have necessitated a complete change in the attitude of the State toward labor."—Theodore Roosevelt.

The University of Paris has done itself credit by appointing Madame Currie, the gifted widow of Professor Currie, whose tragic death under the wheels of an automobile on the streets of Paris was such a loss to the scientific world, to a professorship in physics. Husband and wife were joint discoverers of radium. The report comes that her lecture room in the Sarbonne is being crowded.

The *Christian Life* from across the Atlantic quotes Doctor Osler, professor of medicine at Oxford, as saying:

"To keep his mind sweet, the modern scientific man should be saturated with the Bible, Plato, Shakespeare, Milton; to so live through their eyes may enable him to strike a balance between the rational and the emotional, which is the most serious difficulty of the intellectual life."

The good Doctor happily touches the great need not only in the academic, but in the industrial world of today. The man of business more than the man of science needs the corrective that comes from the master minds. If Plato and Milton are beyond his reach, his Bible and Shakespeare are at hand.

It is interesting to note in connection with the prospective elevation of Oscar S. Strauss into the President's cabinet, to quote Mr. Mead's phrase, "that he was the force behind the reception given by the Board of Trade to the delegates to the great international peace congress held in Boston in 1904." Mr. Strauss is also the author of the most available life of Roger Williams, the real founder of religious liberty in America. To have a man in the councils of the nation who fully appreciates the atrocities of war and the value of intellectual as well as physical liberty, is a source of great encouragement to the friends of progress everywhere.

We sympathize with the *Christian Register*, which protests against the mixing of the Christmas pudding with the Thanksgiving pie. Let us have done with one holiday before we begin to get involved with another. It is worthy of note that this previous Christmas is the product not of Christian zeal, but of commercial enterprise. It is the dry goods man who is already displaying evergreen wreaths in great profusion. Every sensible man and woman is already beginning to pray, "Who will deliver us from this burden of the Christmas trade?" The hypnotic tyranny of the tradesman who exploits the tenderest emotions of the human heart and the most beautiful season of the year in the interest of commercial barter.

The "House Committee" of a social club in Chicago has found it necessary to promulgate the following rule: "Children under ten years of age accompanying their parents must occupy seats besides them during the entertainment." "This action was called for by the annoyance caused by the children sitting, unattended, in the front row." Poor children in the front row, under ten years of age! Away from home long after bed time! What are they doing at the club, anyhow? Perhaps if the children only had a "House Committee" to look after their interests it would promulgate some such an order as this: "Parents having children under ten years of age must not abduct them from their homes after bed time; and they shall henceforth supervise the putting of the same to bed."

A reporter of the *American Hebrew* recently visited Ellis Island in New York to study the workings of the present deportation plan of the government, which returns all immigrants who are open to the suspicion that they may become dependent. Among those set apart to be returned was a thirteen-year-old boy who alone was rejected out of a family of eight on account of his ill health; a Jewish woman of some fifty years of age whose husband and son had already preceded her. She had no money and she must go back for fear she might become a public charge, although our reporter was of the opinion that "she had already gone through an experience which would have smothered any of the legislators who had passed the bill excluding her."

"I would have staked a small fortune on her ability to support herself in this new country after she had done so for twenty years in the old. Even if she did become a public charge and have to be assisted with a small stipend, would it have been more harmful to the community than fostering some idle, expensive creature who lives upon money which her grandfather hoarded, who stepped from the first cabin without inspection?"

Again Detroit carries off the palm in the way of interdenominational Thanksgiving service, judging from the printed matter received at the UNITY office.

A Presbyterian pastor presided, a Methodist gave the invocation, an Unitarian read the Old Testament selections, a German Evangelical the New Testament, a Jewish rabbi made the prayer, a colored lawyer of the Episcopal Church read the President's proclamation, while Baptist, Roman Catholic, Episcopalian and Congregational ministers made the addresses on the philanthropic, civic, business and religious life of the city, and the Universalist minister gave the closing prayer and benediction. Our correspondent says: "The first year all said it could not be done; nearly every minister was afraid to go in. Now all want to get in." And still, how little is this thing we rejoice in! How feeble is the interdenominational spirit that ventures only to take hold of hands on Thanksgiving Day. But even this much is beyond the practice and oftentimes beyond the heart of those who profess the common brotherhood and who affect a faith in brotherhood. Still, how many spend the year in titheing the anise and cummin of denominational consciousness and conceit while neglecting the weightier matters of the law of love. No wonder that churches are listless and that they receive reluctant and inadequate support at the hands of earnest men and women!

The "Home for the Friendless" in Chicago is fortunately situated near Jackson Park, and last summer a bit of land in the neighborhood was set apart for a garden for the children and kind friends taught them how to use it. At the close of the season, as a class exercise, the children were asked to write out an account of their gardens. The *Home Visitor,* the institutional paper, for July publishes many of these letters, which offer much food for thought. To our thinking this "Home" is not the best way of doing a good thing, but if little children must be confined in institutions within city limits, we hope that there will always be a garden patch within reach. How much better would it be to scatter these normal children in normal homes throughout the countryside, where they could be supported until they became self-reliant or lost on the upward slide in society, at a less cost than it now takes to run the expensive, albeit, well managed institution. But here is one of the letters. Let the little one speak for himself:

The unhappiest day I ever had was to leave my dear garden, that was about ten feet long and seven feet wide, that was planted from my hands; and where do you think I went, that I couldn't see my little beans growing as a little child, and watching them I thought they are talking to me, and that made me nearly cry, that I have to go up stairs, and would never see the beautiful garden I planted.

And what a happy time it was for me, when the boys at the table told me that there is a garden across the house, and every child has a bed for himself or for herself, and I would have a bed too, and the same day we went over the garden, and who thought that Barnett Kottarsky will take any interest in those wonderful vegetables, that a little seed could make something for people to taste, and as I went in the garden, Miss Tompson my teacher told me to weed a bed and I had a good time there.

About four days after that day, My Teacher gave me a bed, of my own and I planted beens and peas, and I felt like a king and there people are going to grow up and be my soldiers but the thoughts that I had that they are going to feed me made me very kind to them and I wished I could be with them all day and night and warching them like a mother.

But my unluck is that I am going home Saturday and I give the best regards to the garden and my Teacher Miss Tompson while I am away.

In the death of Otto Young Chicago has lost another of its multi-millionaires, a veritable "captain of industry;" one whose "command of ready money," his power at most any time to write a million-dollar check, etc., is spoken of in great commendation in the obituary notices. Report says that one-half of the palatial parlor in which the funeral obsequies were observed was filled with floral tributes, and a long line of Chicago's most conspicuous business men served as honorary pall bearers. The story of the rise of the penniless emigrant boy in forty years to be at the head of the great department store—"The Fair"—to be perhaps the strongest influence in the Chicago real estate market, to be able to leave behind twenty million dollars or more, a "generous" proportion of which it is hoped will be invested in "charities," is necessarily a notable one and deserves study. But the "business man" and the secular press should avoid the hypocrisy of which the church and its clergy have been so often and sometimes justly accused,—that of making saints, after death, of material that was very common in life. The truth is still true,—that Otto Young was not a great citizen, albeit he managed to amass a great fortune; he was not a leader in the philanthropies, the intelligences, or the movements for civic righteousness in the city; first, last, and all the time, he was a hard business man, and the somewhat dazzling items that are compiled to show that he had a "heart," do not essentially change the main fact; the few hundred thousand dollars given to the well accredited and the more obvious charities do not atone for the twenty or more millions that were accumulated by the severest application of the laws of barter, the unrelenting law of competition, the "buy at the cheapest and sell at the highest," the "business is business" dictum which gets all it can and holds all it gets. Many were unjust to Otto Young while he lived by deeming him a worse man than he was. Let not his friends be unjust to Otto Young now that he is dead by making him seem a better man than he was. Commercial success, capitalistic power, does not make a saint of a man. Happy will it be for Chicago when its millionaires and its prophets and philanthropists travel in the same shoes. Until that time comes let it be remembered that there are degrees of service and grades in greatness.

Every year I live I am more convinced that the waste of life lies in the love we have not given, the powers we have not used, the selfish prudence that will risk nothing, and which, shirking pain, misses happiness as well. No one ever yet was the poorer in the long run for having once in a lifetime "let out all the length of all the reins." *Mary Cholmondeley.*

The Frenzied Bazaar

Added to the commercial industry of Christmas time, the bewildering excitements of Santa Claus, comes the annual frenzy of the bazaar, reaching from the innocent, lonely oyster, up to the highly complicated and costly elaboration of charity balls and the final elaboration in Chicago of the "Streets of Paris," which is to enlist the executive ability of Chicago's wealthiest. It aims to attract the patronage of our millionaires; "special trains" are reported as coming all the way from New York City to make the spectacle impressive and to make the treasurer's balance still more imposing,—all for "sweet charity's sake."

Of all the fascinating leisure class industries nothing seems so available to the feminine mind, in a certain stage of its development, when charity, religion or education calls for more money, than peddling tickets. Whenever there is a demand for sacrifice, no matter how sumptuous the home, how elegant, even extravagant and absurd the wardrobe, how prosperous the times and abundant the income, the question first propounded is—"What can we *do* to *make* some money?" and the "doing" in this case always suggests some genteel industry not very commendable, certainly not necessary for its own sake, but for the sake of persuading other purse-holders, particularly those of the masculine gender, to come and buy; and then, when the final balance sheet of this feminine industry is struck, when all the expenses are paid,—printers' bills, florists, ice cream man, etc., etc., allowing nothing for wear and tear of nerves, doctor bills, and the strained if not torn social fabric if there is a small balance, a humiliating percentage of the gross receipts left for the object served, the feminine conscience seems satisfied; and, what is worse, masculine complacency is encouraged. The reluctant victim is made to believe that he has been "benevolent," that he has been helping along a good cause.

Dear reader, it is not necessary for you to write to the Editor anent this editorial that "there is another side to all this;" that "it advances sociability;" that it "offers an opportunity to those who have no money to do something;" that "it gets money out of people who otherwise would give nothing at all;" that it is "the only way open to many women, even of elegant surroundings and sumptuous equipments, because they have no purse of their own; husbands give them no allowance, but they will pay grocer and other bills, so the only way these dutiful wives can get their husbands onto the charity list is by these ingenious indirections," for the Editor has been familiar with these arguments for many years. We have tried hard to be just to all these arguments and gladly recognize a truth in all of them; but, after all is said and done, the outcome does not seem to us to warrant the arguments. The remedy is inadequate; the disease needs constitutional, not local treatment. So long as these periodic invasions are made into the industrial world, so long as this petty financiering annoys instead of convicting and converting the men with the purse, so long will church and charity interests grow more and more desperate, the benignant activities and the higher needs of the community grow more impecunious.

We are glad to note the announcement that the Christian Church of Austin, a suburb of Chicago, last Sunday officially relegated, in the language of the newspaper, "the religious grab-bag and the sanctified restaurant to the list of the 'late lamented,'" by formal resolution presented by a committee which had had the matter under deliberation. All these money-making activities for charity's sake were characterized as "stomach and mercenary religion" and were abolished for the following reasons:

"It will give women more time for charity."
"It will place their minds upon higher things than waiting on the table."
"It will increase individual gifts."
"It will take the church out of competition with trades people."
"It will keep husbands and wives in better humor."
"It will give a better atmosphere to the church."

This frenzy to "make money" out of other people's brains and pocket books reached a pitiable climax in Chicago last week when many of the élite of Chicago, women of social position and refined tastes, lent their names and presence as "patronesses" to a "lecture" by Senator Tillman, of South Carolina. The lecture was announced to be on "The Annexation of Cuba." It was justified because it was to be in the interest of a hospital. But it turned out to be a frantic, impassioned, incoherent, and profane exhibition of "pitch-fork" gymnastics by one who, however sane he may be on other things, is simply a mad ranter on the color question, a belated "fire-eater," a geographical anachronism in the south, a man who was born too late to receive the bitter discipline of a cruel war, caused by racial injustice and a superficial estimate of human relations.

Of course such rantings drew great crowds. Of course there was much cheering, but there were also heart-burnings, unjust recrimination, great violence done to the social fabric, to the existing peace and good will that characterizes the relations of the races in Chicago. We do not blame a senator of the United States who uses his off time at three or four hundred dollars a night in exploiting his apprehensions, for there is an element of sincerity that goes far to atone for any absurdity in him. But we do lament the injury done the social fabric by these genteel "patronesses," in the interest of hospital charities; we resent the implication that such high benefactions must in Chicago be supported by such low financiering.

The committee is reported as having earned three thousand dollars for the hospital, while over five thousand were taken in at the ticket office, and the leader of this woman's invasion on the peace of Chicago is reported as having said that they are now looking for another sensation with which to make more money.

The writer of this article would respectfully recom-

mend a good, fair, decent "fisticuff" under the Queensbury rules. If a well organized "mill" could be arranged for out in the suburbs somewhere and the champion prize-fighters be engaged, they would doubtless make more money and do far less violence to the sanctities of the human heart, the peace of the community, the civic interests of the city, the religious life of society.

O, when will men and women learn the higher economies of the spirit,—To go down into their own pockets and consecrate the money that otherwise would be unworthily spent on their own persons and in their own selfish interests, when funds are needed to maintain these things which alone make life worth living and without which the most sheltered children are exposed to the major dangers of life and the best education leaves them ignorant, uncouth, a menace to society.

Riches

Though man the whole world gain,
And give his soul in fee,
He soon will find that all is vain,
That all is vanity.

A man may still be poor
E'en though a vast estate
He owns ,and has a golden store,
And men account him great.

For if man in himself
Can no real riches see,
Whatever he may have is pelf,
And a mere pauper he.

The truest riches far
Is character alone,
For 'tis not what men have, but are,
That maketh gold or stone.

Ay, character; for this
Alone a man may take
To an eternal shame or bliss
Which he himself may make.

—Llewellyn Edwin Hughes, in the Light of Reason.

The Answer

"Make of my heart," I cried, "a lyre whereon
The wind of man's desire shall sweep some string
Into immortal music; utterly gone
My dearest hopes unless I gain this thing;"
Then the calm Voice: "Nay, son, thy prayer is wild,
But thou mayst feed, for Me, an hungry child."

"Give me to die in some supreme emprise,
And, falling, shout, 'They flee, the field is ours;'
When Stephen raised to Heav'n those angel eyes,
The stones that crush'd his body seem'd like flowers;
A martyr's or a warrior's death be mine!"
"Nay, dreamer, thou must learn to serve, not shine."

"Yea, let me serve; be mine the holy wrath
Which deals the heart of vice its deadliest thrust,
Better a thousand perils in my path
Than such sad safety where the roads are dust;"
"Nay, child, thy peril is thy restless will,—
Thy task is patience; suffer and be still!"

"O Infinite Love, I lean my heart on Thine!
The humblest task Thou hast my joy shall be!
Behold, the sandiest pathways grow divine
If so these leagues of desert lead toward Thee;
Come joy or pain, Thy will not mine be done."
"At last thy prayer is answered, O my son!"

—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

APPENDIX.

I have spoken of Mother Bickerdyke's love of pets that, beginning away back in her babyhood days, stayed with her to the end of her life here, as is proved by a letter I have just received from a lady who lived very near her all the last years of her life and knew her intimately. She says: "Mother Bickerdyke owned two pet geese and a large black cat that received considerable of her attention. She named the cat 'General Logan.' It was an exceedingly smart cat, and not seeing her, would wander through the rooms of the house in search of her. She spent much time talking to it and nursing it. General Logan sat by her side in a chair at the table during meal times and accompanied her in her walks. When she died this cat mourned her loss and seemed restless and as if it could not understand what had become of its mistress.

"Her pet geese were given to her by a friend. They followed her in and out of the kitchen, ate from her hand and would frequently fight the cat when around Mother Bickerdyke as if they were jealous of the attention it received from her. These geese were three years old at the time of her death. Her son, Prof. Bickerdyke, kept and cared for them after she was gone, and when, three years later, he, too, died, they were sent to the one remaining son, Hiram Bickerdyke, in Montana, who says they shall be the pride of his ranch and shall be privileged to live on his irrigating dams and do as they please."

These things are not much of themselves, but as an index to her character, showing how great was the depth of her love and tenderness towards all created things, they are important and worthy of record.

Another pleasant incident I would tell you, though it has no connection with the above: Among the many of Mother Bickerdyke's letters that were sent me I found this little note, written in the feeble, trembling hand of age. It was found pinned to a package of sheets and pillow cases sent to the Mother Bickerdyke Home: "These articles were made by an old lady seventy-nine years old. She has been reading Mother Bickerdyke's book and is a great admirer of the dear old lady, and is much interested in her work. She requests that these sheets and pillow cases be used for Mother Bickerdyke, especially, in the Home."

No name was signed to this note and, so far as I know, it was never known who the old lady was who thus practically demonstrated her love for the "Soldiers' Mother."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

From Mother Bickerdyke to Her Sons.

Through the kindness of Mr. Hiram B. Bickerdyke I am permitted to copy here three of his mother's letters written to him and his brother, Prof. James R. Bickerdyke, from the front. As is the case in all her letters, the tender solicitude of the mother breathes in every line. The one is written "On board of boat, ten miles north of Fort Pillow." It is dated "Jan. 25, 1863," and is as follows:

"My dear boy Jimmie: Enclosed you will find five dollars to pay your tuition with. I want you to write me how you like your boarding place, who your teacher is, and if you attend Sabbath school. I want you to be a good boy and grow up a Christian, and do all the good you can in the world. Remember that God has placed us in this world to be good and to do good. Oh, then try to live for God and for those

around you. Resolve that you will be a man—*a true man*—a noble, God-like man. Set your mark high. You do not realize the good opportunities you now enjoy. What a contrast between today and last Sabbath! You know how we spent last Sabbath. (Evidently she was with him then.) Well, today we had a sermon on board of our boat by the Rev. B. F. Rogers, chaplain of the 15th regiment, Illinois Volunteers. I liked the sermon much. It was about the certain punishment of those who sin. While the preacher was talking most of the soldiers gathered around to hear. Some stood up, others sat on boxes, beds, and on the floor; some were sick, others dirty, but they all listened with deep interest. While these exercises were going on several soldiers were loading their guns at the other end of the cabin, preparing to go out on picket duty while the boat lay up to the shore to take on fuel. It seemed so strange to see the people gathered round the preacher in one end of the boat while men were loading their weapons to shoot men with in the other end. But we see many strange and sad things connected with this war. This evening several on the boat, including some of the officers, have been singing negro melodies. Oh, how much better off you are than we! I hope you will try to appreciate your privileges and will improve your time. When you write to me direct your letter to me in the Field Corps in Grant's Army. I shall be below Memphis, but where I cannot say.

"Remember what your mother has said to you. I think of you every day and pray to God to take good care of you during my absence. It is hard to be away from you, but if you are a good boy I can put up with it. Your affectionate mother,

"M. A. BICKERDYKE."

The second letter is written at Chattanooga, Tenn., January 3, 1864, nearly one year later, and now her two boys are together. The letter is addressed to James and Hiram Bickerdyke at "Forest Home," Chicago. It runs:

"My Dear Children: No day, hardly an hour, that your mother does not think of you, although it is so long since I have written. But if you could see the poor sick and wounded soldiers that need my care you would not wonder that I do not write oftener. I am now in a field hospital in Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain standing just in front of our camp. There are between four and five hundred men after whom I look every day. Two days ago it rained powerfully and in the night the weather changed, and wind blew down some of the tents and the sick men were very much exposed. It froze hard and was as cold as it is at Chicago, and the poor men, wounded and sick, far away from home to defend you, my children, and all the North from bitter foes. I hope you will ever remember that we are indebted to our noble soldiers for quiet at the North. Many are now lying low with most painful wounds, who will languish and then die far away from home, mother and sister, and suffering for want of attention. I have been to Cincinnati since I saw you. I found them all well. I hope, my dear children, you will so live that this may be to you a happy new year. Improve your time, be obedient and love and be kind to each other and all around you. I am grateful to God for providing for you while I am able to do for our poor soldiers. Let me hear from you that you are good boys and then I shall be happy even here. My sons, I want you to love and obey your Saviour. Pray for yourselves and your mother. May God keep you ever. Your loving mother,

"M. BICKERDYKE."

On one page of this letter she writes to the lady who was caring for her children thus: "My Dear Mrs. Nichols: I hope you have received the forty dollars I sent you several weeks since. Will you not write soon, and have the children write to their mother? I hope they are good boys and do not give you unnecessary trouble. God will bless you in your good work of training these dear children under your care. I have many anxious thoughts and my prayers daily ascend for them and yourself. May God direct and bless you. "MARY BICKERDYKE."

The third letter is from Nashville, Tenn., March 21, 1864:

"My Dear Children, James and Hiram: I reached Huntsville in safety one week ago last Saturday, and left there again on Monday in company with Mrs. Porter to return here to hasten forward the vegetables that are so much needed by our poor sick and well soldiers. All need them much in the army now, and I hope to take many to them, sent from Chicago, Galesburg and many other places where they are doing so much for the soldiers. I hope this year all the boys and girls who can have a bed in the garden will sow onions and keep them from weeds, and plant potatoes. If every Sabbath school boy and girl would determine to raise or earn one bushel or one barrel of vegetables I think every soldier would have a few.

The day we came here General Grant left for Washington and General Sherman took his place. There is great preparation being made for the spring campaign. New wagons and horses and mules to take the place of worn out ones; and many new recruits to take the places of the dear soldiers who have died in hospitals and on the battlefield. Poor soldiers, who have left dear wives widows and their little children fatherless. I hope the boys and girls in Chicago, and all through our land will love and try to care for the poor soldiers' families, whose fathers have died. Children who are at school as you are, and especially those who are at home with their dear fathers and mothers, must not forget that if the soldiers had not fought and died for them they, too, might have been without their kind fathers and mothers and their pleasant homes. I thought when I was in Chicago that the people who were living in comfort there knew but little what it cost others to secure to them so much peace in this time of war. And I thought, too, that mothers who could stay at home and work for the soldiers ought to be very thankful, and do much to sustain and comfort those who are willing to leave all to care for those in camps and hospitals, many of whom would die who can be saved.

"My visit to you was so pleasant, and, knowing how kindly you are cared for, I can return to my work here and thank God that my fatherless boys are so kindly provided for by those who love the soldiers and the dear Saviour, to whom I wish to commend you. Love Him, obey your teacher and God will bless and keep you darlings. "MOTHER."

"P. S.—Give much love to Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, and ask them to pray for your mother.

"MARY BICKERDYKE."

How truly every mother will sympathize with this mother in her yearning love for her "fatherless boys," left to the care of others while she went out to the larger duty of caring for thousands of boys whose mothers could not be with them. How solicitous she is for their spiritual well-being—how anxious that they should "aim high" and become wise and helpful men, citizens of true patriotism and usefulness. What a joy it was to her in after years to know her hopes

and ambitions for them were all fulfilled, and they had become just the kind of men she wanted them to be.

Not only do these letters reveal her love and hopes for her sons, and the yearning in her heart for them, but they tell as much of the kind of woman she was, and of her great unselfishness, for while she writes much of the sufferings and hardships of others not one word does she say of her own trials and hardships. She seems not to think of self, but only of those for whom she is caring, dear, noble Mother Bickerdyke!

Besides these letters from his mother Mr. Hiram Bickerdyke kindly sends me others written to her. I give them here that you may know further of the great esteem and love felt for her by those in high places. The first is from Helen Brainard Cole, a hospital nurse in Washington during the war. It tells its own story. Dated at Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin, June 11, 1897, it runs thus:

"My Dear Mrs. Bickerdyke, or as we used to call you in the war, 'Mother Bickerdyke': When I noticed in a recent copy of the Milwaukee Sentinel that July 19, on your eightieth natal day, there was to be a celebration for you, I exclaimed, 'If I could leave my dear sick, infirm father and mother I should go. How vividly I recall our first meeting with you in Louisville, Ky. Then your visit to me in Campbell Hospital, Washington, D. C., when you came to be present at the grand review, when we took the ambulance and went over the hills and plains about Washington, where the soldiers were camping, and when they saw you coming how they rushed with open arms, crying out, 'Mother Bickerdyke! Mother Bickerdyke!' Oh, the pathos in the speaking that name told the story! It spoke volumes of devoted care, faithfulness that amounted to the divine. Some years after our Rebellion, in one of my visits to Washington, I attended the Spanish Embassador's reception. I met there General Sherman, and as we stood talking of Mother Bickerdyke's stupendous, unselfish labor for the soldiers, many clustered around to hear of your work, and an elegantly dressed lady from New York, who had accompanied General Sherman and his daughter to the reception, said, 'I would give millions of dollars for such a record as Mother Bickerdyke has. How glorious!' And the splendid General Sherman said, 'Yes, glorious! She outranked me!' And much more was said of your fearlessness, for you were pursuing the right! Good Colonel Kluick (whom you will remember as on General McPherson's staff and was detailed to take the general's ('your boy') body home to Ohio) never tired of talking of you. He passed on many years ago. And how the ranks are thinning! When I saw you last you were passing through Syracuse, N. Y., en route west. I boarded the train to see you and you were surrounded with flowers—beautiful flowers—offerings of friends. How much I would like to visit with you and talk over the days with such blessed memories as ours, caring for the sick and wounded. I cannot find words to express what a pleasure it would be to hear from you. Cannot you let me know, dear? You need no assurance of my faithful thought of you always. And the name Mother Bickerdyke stirs me to the very foundation, for it is identical with the bugle call—the dear old flag—'tramp! tramp! tramp!'—and 'Marching Through Georgia,' and every tender cord in my heart is touched with the memory of the sweet patience, loyal devotion that was rendered the soldier boy by Mother Bickerdyke. How they adored you! And believed in you as they did in their God. My dear, cherished, valued friend, I leave you in infinite love,

"Helen Brainard Cole."

The next letter is from Mrs. Livermore, dated Melrose, Mass., September 5, 1897:

"My dear Comrade and Friend: I have requested my publisher to send you by express a copy of my last book, which is 'The Story of My Life.' I presume you will receive it before this reaches you. When you have read it I want you to write me your opinion of it, and tell me how you have enjoyed it and the many pictures illustrating it. I will tell you why I want you to do this. My publisher is an old soldier, although not an old man, for he went into the service at eighteen and came out at twenty-one, doing valiantly, and yet coming out well and unwounded. He has the greatest admiration for you, and at his suggestion his post celebrated your eightieth birthday—away off here, more than one thousand miles from you, in Connecticut. He is going to publish a circular containing the opinions of many distinguished people concerning the book, such as Bishop Vincent, Lady Henry Somerset, Frances Willard, Robert Collyer and others like them, and he wants to print your testimonial with theirs. I am sure you will not refuse him. I should also be very proud to have your name and your testimonial among theirs.

"I was very glad to get your letter and very glad you had so good a time on your eightieth birthday. I think more highly of the soldiers in Kansas for their kind remembrance of you. You stand at the head of all the women who went into relief work, and I have said and written that we have three pictures of you framed in our house. One is in my study, another in the sitting-room, and Lizzie has one in her room. Ella Norris, my married daughter, has a framed picture of you in her library. Mr. Worthington, my publisher, has a picture of you in his office. You see, you have other friends than those in Kansas. Last Sunday Colonel Wilcox, of Elgin, Ill., called on me. He is in the east visiting his married daughter. He spoke of you very gratefully and said you saved the life of the major of his regiment, who was in the Gayoso Hospital and had pneumonia. while he lay wounded and was very low. But for your excellent care, he said, he would have died. I presume there are many who can tell that story. Mr. Livermore and Lizzie, who are the only members of our family at home just now, send their love to you. Be sure to write me your opinion of my book. Yours in love,

"Mary A. Livermore."

There is another letter from Mrs. Livermore to Mrs. Bickerdyke, dated July 3, 1899. It shows the same devoted love and unabated interest between the two noble women, and in it Mrs. Livermore begs the dear old mother to take better care of herself and to live more quietly. She tells her: "I think you should not journey about as much as you do, as change of climate is bad for you at your time of life, and travelling isn't as easy as staying in your own home."

A third letter is written to Mr. Bickerdyke in answer to one from him announcing his mother's dangerous illness. It is dated Melrose, Mass., November 8, 1901, the very day Mrs. Bickerdyke passed from earth life. It is as follows:

"Dear Mr. Bickerdyke: I am saddened by your letter. If your mother rallies from this attack it will loosen her hold on life, and she will probably never be as well again as before. But both she and I have

reached an age when death must be expected. We have exceeded the duration of life enjoyed by the majority. I hold myself in readiness to go at any time and I doubt not your mother has the same feeling. She has lived a grand, good life, packed with noble deeds wrought for others and will be welcomed with the plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' I thank you for writing. Please keep me informed of your mother's condition, and if she is conscious, remember me in love to her. Whether she goes now or later, she and I will soon meet on the other side. I shall be eighty-one years old in a month, and although wonderfully well and strong for my age, I know I have but a hand's breadth of life before me, and am glad of the prospect of a not remote departure. Almost all my kindred and early friends have gone, and why should I wish to stay? Yours truly, MARY A. LIVERMORE."

But the letter that touches me deepest is the one from "Andy," he who was Mrs. Bickerdyke's "right-hand man," detailed by General Grant to accompany her through all her service—her "faithful Andy," as she called him, and between whom and herself there was a bond of particular strength and tenderness. He belonged to the Seventh Iowa Infantry, but at the time of Mother Bickerdyke's death was living at Marceline, Mo., and wrote this letter from there to Mr. Bickerdyke on November 14, 1901, just after receiving news of her going:

"Dear friend," he says, "we received your kind letter with regret. It was a sad blow to me—very sad. It is just as much loss to me as if she had been my own mother. I am very sorry to think she has passed away and I never got to see her. I have planned and hoped to come and see her at her home, but now that hope is dead. We were so much together through dangerous times and hardships, and she was like a mother to me. I hold for her the same honor, love and respect that a son should hold for a noble and loving mother. But she has gone to her long home—a pathway we must all go sooner or later—and I know if ever anyone is at rest it is she. I have been expecting this every day, and dreading it, too, for I so longed to go to see her once more. I went to Kansas City and to Leavenworth, too, but she was unable to come, and I regret I did not go to Ellsworth, where she was then, but I didn't have the means. Accept my sympathy and kindest regards in your sorrow, and hope to meet again. We all feel it deeply. It may not be long till we all shall meet where there is no more sorrow. I am seventy-one years old past. Have you one of her photographs? I would so love to have one. Send me one of your home papers with her death and sickness that I may know all the particulars. I must close by saying, Look up and do not grieve, for she is happy. Yours truly, ANDREW SOMMERVILLE."

No one reading this can doubt but that it is the expression of an honest heart that loved much and was deeply grieved, though cheered by the sure hope of a future meeting, without which we should be bereft and poor indeed when our friends go from us "into the valley and the shadow of death."

As showing how surely the soldiers thought Mother Bickerdyke could get for them anything they wanted, I copy these lines, written on a little leaf torn from a notebook, now yellow with age. Mother Bickerdyke preserved it all these years, as she did many other mementoes of service rendered, as her son is doing now. It has no date:

"My good woman," it begins, "I have not eat anything for twenty-seven days but gruel, and I get tired of it. (Poor fellow, who would not get 'tired of it' in that time?) And I thought maybe I could get some potato soup. William Purtin, One Hundred and Three, Illinois Volunteers."

If, perchance, this should reach the eye of the writer, or his family, what memories it will awaken, and not the least pleasant among them will be the memory of the "good woman" to whom he so confidently applied for "potato soup." Knowing her, we feel sure his pitiful appeal was granted.

Correspondence

New York State Conference of Religion

DEAR EDITOR: It was the first time in several years that I attended a gathering which in this part of the country resembles what is familiar to all Chicagoans,—a Congress of Religion. Our state conference, I take it, is an offshoot or an outgrowth of the Congress of Religions, and is thus a worthy offspring of a noble sire. It is gratifying to note the many striking changes that have taken place within recent years in men's conceptions of religious tolerance and in their attitude towards other men's faith. I have not the range of experience that is your fortune. At best I look back on one decade, but within that time I am able to trace many a general conception now held by intelligent persons, which only dates from the first Congress of Liberal Religions. Those ideas and ideals for which the Congress stood have now migrated beyond local borders and touch every people, speak to men in many lands and languages. Let me be more specific. Fresh from the sessions of the Conference I have carried away certain impressions which I am certain are of interest to you and to the readers of UNITY.

One doctrine the New York State Conference invoked and resolutely sustained. The Conference pledges itself to live up to the virtue of its motto, and that motto is: Religions are many, Religion is one. The idea is not new. We know that. The application of that idea and the recognition thereof is modern. And by reason of that fact there has come to this Conference a sober realization of a great truth, that while religion is one, the expression of religion varies among various peoples. The attempt is no longer made to create a universal religion. The experience of religion being personal, varies as human nature varies. Intelligent men and women accept this as a fundamental fact and so do the most sensible thing, emphasize the universality in religion.

To me this recognition of the common elements in religion and the willingness to abide by it was the most gratifying advancement made. It gives the Conference an opportunity to sound what is distinctly the new note in modern religious life.

For the first time in my experience I heard a conference of religion cry out mightily against the social evils, the commercial sins, the injustice in high and low places. There was no mincing of matters—a spade was called a spade; a highway robber, a highway robber, whether he steal a purse or a railroad franchise. In this aspect the recent conference took on prophetic seriousness. One could not help feeling that a new generation of preachers has arisen who are growing more fearless in their denunciations and who do not hesitate to say, as it was said by the very pastor in whose church the conference was held, that the church

has been too long the favorite of capital and must rid itself of the suspicion by going down to the common people and working with them for the upbuilding of a better humanity.

The new conscience, as it is called, shames us. Conscience is conscience, old or new, and to attach the adjective condemns rather than praises us. But the phrase is in use these days. The new conscience of our day repeats an old lesson. But in reiterating it brings home to all the realization that religion is life and must dominate every act of life. At this conference men dared to give the dollar a moral value and insist on an ethical distribution of that dollar.

No one at the morning or afternoon session of the conference had reason to fear that ministers of religion are unmindful of their social responsibilities. The church was censured for creating the suspicion that it held itself aloof from the commercial complexities of our age and failed to associate religion with business and industry.

In this connection I heard what is certainly a distinctly new message. A Yale professor, Dr. Emery, co-related Religion and Wealth by showing us that in the end economic laws are ethical laws. At one time we were taught to draw a definite line between religion and economics. Political economy was a kingdom unto itself, having laws of its own, which were unrelated to religious or social life. It looked down piteously on the teaching of religion. The tables are turned. The truth that there is no wealth but life is more generally accepted. So it comes to pass that colleges are breathing into the iron laws of economics the breath of a new life which regards the men and women who create wealth.

It would be ascribing to this new moral conscience more than its share of virtue to say that it is hastening a religious revival in this country. But we cannot forget that in their moral earnestness the present day preacher is carrying the spirit of religion beyond church confines and seeking to implant it where heretofore it has not been dominant—in field, factory and workshop.

The revival of this religious consciousness is not only evident in the ambitions to affect a change in the hearts of the industrial workers, and especially in the hearts and souls of those who have control over workers. The new conviction which made the conference conspicuous tells us in no uncertain terms that all of life is under religion. The economist verified it in his department, the publicist in his field, and lastly, the educator showed that in college education this ambition rules him. Dr. Rush Reese, of Rochester, gave us the wise and recent word on this score. It is odd that one in these days must contrast University and Religion. But this is the penalty we are paying for our disregard of the fundamental truths of religion, that it is a law of life. It became the task then of the educator to show anew that the university and religion have one task. Colleges, which he differentiated from universities, must assign themselves the duty of influencing the character of their students as well as enlarging their store of knowledge. The university likewise is to recognize the human and hence moral value of the knowledge obtained. The isolated fact is not wanted.

This is, to be sure, a very sketchy outline of the temper and contention of this recent conference. Its official program will be printed in your pages and commented. But the testimony of an eye-witness is hereby added as well as the conviction that the New York State Conference has set all religious gatherings a high standard. The program touched the vital questions of our day. It made all men understand that religion is a rule of life and cannot be separated from life; it made all men realize that all religions have great truths, in the keeping of which men are bettered; it gave all to consider now, as at all times, that character is the foundation of conduct at all hours of the day and everywhere. In this wise the conference has made a distinct advance in conception, plan and message over that of other Congresses which I attended.

I met a few old friends—Gannet, of Rochester; Harris and Stephen Wise, of New York. But the majority of the speakers and readers were strangers to me in person, but not in their ideas. Men who think alike attain the only form of brotherhood possible.

With best regards, Fraternally yours,

JOSEPH LEISER.

Kingston, N. Y., Nov. 14, '06.

A Tribute to Frederick E. Dewhurst

READ BY MRS. GRACE JULIAN CLARKE AT A MEMORIAL MEETING HELD AT ALL SOULS' (UNITARIAN) CHURCH IN INDIANAPOLIS, ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH.

The word that came from Chicago on Tuesday last brought heaviness to many hearts. It seemed, to those who knew and loved Mr. Dewhurst, as Prof. Jewett said on the death of a friend, that "Spring had vanished from the year." Such light shone in his countenance, such sincerity spoke in the tones of his voice, so full of all gentleness and nobility did he appear, that is is no wonder we felt the clouds settling down upon us. Lowell said that Emerson was so sweetly high-minded that when one met him "the Fall of Adam seemed a false report." Certainly Mr. Dewhurst made this impression too. This reminds me of an anecdote that seems not inappropriate here. The pastor of the Downey Avenue Church in Irvington some ten years ago invited Mr. Dewhurst to exchange pulpits with him, and of course the invitation met with a cordial response. I do not recall the text from which our friend preached, but the burden of his discourse was the ascent of man from the lowest power of life to his present state, and thence on to higher and yet higher spiritual attainments. On the way home an aged brother, whose hearing was perhaps a trifle defective, to say nothing of his previous training, was overheard to remark that "the preacher from town gave us a good sermon, but he was *afraid* he leaned a little towards the doctrine of evolution"! When this was repeated to Dr. Dewhurst, he laughed heartily, thoroughly appreciating the unconscious humor of the situation.

I could never associate the idea of sect or creed with this man; his conceptions were so broad and high that no label seemed to fit him. He was always sane, and full of sweet reasonableness; full of the right sensibility too; cherishing the loftiest ideals, yet quick to understand and sympathize with shortcomings. His was pre-eminently a religion for every-day life. To him religion was not a "self-existent entity," but it was "the atmosphere of the home and of the community where life develops in reverence and in a sense of the blessedness and sanctity of life." In his sermon on "Unregarded Prophets" he says:

"I know not where we are to look for the presence of divinity in such convincing degree as in the very

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*Many of the old parishioners of Mr. Dewhurst in his Plymouth Church in this city are now members of All Souls Church, so the memorial meeting was held by those who mourned a loved pastor.—EDITOR.

human hearts which throb today with intense and eager life. Where are we to look for the exhibition of the traits that have upon them the stamp of God's very nature, if not in those lives to whom we are bound by the daily companionships of life? Are the channels of pity, of sympathy, of tender fellowship for each other's sorrows and suffering, dried up? Do these streams, that come from the presence of God, languish? Can we ask that question and not straightway get the answer back, out of our grateful memories or our present experience of the great tides of human pity and love pouring in upon us in the hour of our solicitude and our sore need? Suffering, and pain, and peril,—how they open for us the springs of compassionate human interest, and our hearts instinctively confess, 'God is in this place, and I know it not.'"

Mr. Dewhurst certainly took the Channing view of the divinity of human nature, and he was constantly reiterating it in word and act. He was not a fighter, nor a controversialist: he simply said what he meant, and was always true to his own inner consciousness. A close student of literary form, the word was yet of less moment than the thought. But so finished was his style that his sermons lose less in the printed page than those of most men, and we are fortunate in having quite a number of them in permanent form.

I should like to close what I have to say this morning with the following, from Mr. Dewhurst's discourse on "Taking Time to Live," because here is his philosophy of life and death:

"There are three facts which have been fundamental in life,—three ideas which have haunted man and would not let him go; with which he has had to wrestle until the breaking of the day. These three are God, the soul, and immortality. Man has tried to grasp them and unify them and see them under one principle. Christianity has taught him how. It has given him an infinite Father, the essence of whose life is love; it has given him an infinite soul, a soul boundless in its aspirations and desires; and it has given him an infinite time in which to work out the problems of his life.

"These are the three things which have always been haunting man, and they are all infinite; they are all eternal, and they belong together; they show man, as he has never been shown before, that he has time to build his life in a splendid and enduring way.

"In the light of this we get a new interpretation for the words of Paul,—'If the dead are not raised, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.' It is as if he said,—The choice is between looking at life as finite, and looking at it as infinite. If it is finite, why should you not strive for all the happiness and satisfaction you can get out of it; why should you not push other men aside in the struggle, so that you may have more for yourself? Why be considerate and unselfish? . . . But if life is infinite, then there is time to build; you are really only laying the foundations now, and you must lay them deep and build them strong. Think of what is to go above them. You cannot afford to build hastily, of hay, wood and stubble; you must use gold, silver and precious stones. Other things count now besides happiness, satisfaction and grappling of life's cup of joy. Justice and truth count; fraternity and fellowship count; you cannot push your brother out of the way, for he too is infinite, he goes on with you; he is part of the universe; he is included in your own destiny. . . .

"Then, last of all, do we not begin to understand the great and solemn mystery of death which so invades our life and cuts short the thread, interrupts the tasks we just begun, makes the hand stiff and cold that was just beginning to create, stops the active mind that was so eager to explore? It all seems so utterly perplexing and confusing; it all is so until we learn to think of life as infinite, and then we can begin to say:

"'Our times are in His hand
Who saith,—"A whole I planned."
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!

. . . . . .

"'My time be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!'"

Irvington, November 18, 1906.

Fallen Leaves

How they are mixed up of all species, oak and maple and chestnut and birch. But nature is not cluttered with them; she stores them all. Consider what a vast crop is shed annually on this earth. This, more than any other grain or seed, is the greatest harvest of the year. The trees are now repaying the earth with interest what they have taken from it. They are discounting. They are about to add a leaf's thickness to the depth of the soil. This is the beautiful way in which nature gets her muck, while I chaffer with this man and that, who talk to me about sulphur and the cost of carting. We are all the richer for the decay. I am more interested in this crop than in the English grass alone, or the corn. It prepares the virgin mould for the future corn-fields and forests on which the earth fattens. It keeps our homestead in good heart.

It is pleasant to walk over the beds of these fresh, crisp and rustling leaves. How beautifully they go to their graves; how gently they lay themselves down and turn to mould; painted of a thousand hues, and fit to make the beds of us living. So they troop to their last resting place, light and frisky. They put on no weeds, but merrily they go scampering over the earth, selecting the spot, choosing a lot, ordering no iron fence, whispering through the woods about it—some choosing the spot where the bodies of men are mouldering beneath, and meeting them half way. How many flutterings before they rest quietly in their grave. They that soared so loftily, how contentedly they return to dust again, and are laid low, resigned to die and decay at the foot of the tree, and afford nourishment to new generations of their kind, as well as to flutter on high.

When the leaves fall the whole earth is a cemetery to walk in. I love to wander and muse over them in their graves. Here are no lying or vain epitaphs. What though you own no lot in Mount Auburn, your lost is surely cast somewhere in this vast cemetery, which has been consecrated from of old. You need attend no auctions to secure a place. There is room enough here. The loose-strife shall bloom, and the huckleberry bird shall sing over your bones. The woodman and hunter shall be your sextons, and the children shall tread upon the borders as much as they will. Let us walk in the cemetery of the leaves—this is your true Greenwood cemetery.—*Thoreau.*
is your true Greenwood cemetery.—*Thoreaux.*

O what a glory does this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
—*Longfellow.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

For Previous Week

A Samaritan Pentateuch.

A deputation of four samaritan priests is now in London trying to sell a MSS. of the Pentateuch which dates back to 1050 A. D., at a price of $25,000. The samaritans are said to be reduced to dire poverty and this is their only escape. The British Museum has refused to buy.

Presidential Anticipations.

Apropos of the recent election in New York state the tone of the public press has almost completely changed in its presidential expectations. It seems to be quite commonly agreed that Secretary Taft is the most likely nominee in his party, and Governor Folk is quite commonly looked upon as the probable standard-bearer of the Democrats. Certainly the "government ownership of railroads" and the endorsement of Hearst's candidacy in New York are two preachments of Mr. Bryan which have marvelously changed public sentiment. Those who could tolerate the former find it hard to defend his support of Mr. Hearst. To the man on the Watch Tower this week Mr. Bryan's boom seems badly damaged.

Chicago Telephone Situation.

In a little more than two years the franchise of the Chicago Telephone Company will expire. If the company is to continue to serve the city after the death of its franchise, it must secure the city's consent. The company's atempt to obtain the necessary new ordinance is being vigorously opposed before the Council Telephone Committee by a rival organization ,that evidently means business, the Manufacturers' Telephone Company, an Illinois corporation, fathered by the Illinois Manufacturers' Association. The Council Committee meetings have thus far been decidedly picturesque, resulting on one or two occasions in rather startling passages at arms between opposing counsel. The issue at stake concerns the Chicago public most vitally and should be made an object of careful study, for the public is to choose, through the Council, one of its most important servants. Of course it wants the most efficient and cheapest servant it can get. The thoughtful citizen or subscriber ought to read the present incumbent's letter of the 17th inst. to its subscribers and the rival concern's public letter, stating its case, of the 19th inst. The latter's claims as to its ability to contribute 5 per cent of its gross receipts to the municipality, to reduce very materially all rates to subscribers, and still to maintain an efficient service throughout the length and breadth of such an enormous system as Chicago's on a profitable basis, are regarded by the Chicago Telephone Company as visionary, suicidal and impossible. The Chicago Telephone Company, however, must prove this to the satisfaction of the people's representatives, else the coveted franchise will gravitate to the rival company, even though telephonic chaos be the ultimate result. In the meantime "measured service" at present rates or at any rate is an abomination, and "party lines" an unmitigated nuisance.

Senator Platt.

It is almost a matter of wonder that the Empire State has allowed one of its togas to grace the recreant limbs of the conscienceless Platt for so long a time with so little protest. It is no wonder that that small protest has now become an ear-splitting, unanimous cry for an immediate resignation. New York has been taking account of its moral stock during the last year or two, and is so alarmed at the coating of dust upon it that a general cleaning up is the order of the day. The gubernatorial chair has been nicely dusted—now for the senatorial benches! The political henchmen, the partisan papers, that in the past have salaamed to Platt at a wave of his hand, even the dear, old G. O. P., along with the State at large, have turned on Platt to rend him. The poor, old senator cuts a pitiful figure in his senile indignation, but the leveling up process is but the working of natural law, delayed in Platt's case by popular apathy, and the old man is doomed to that record of ignomy that his own hand has writ so large.

Harvard vs. Yale.

Yale won on the merits of the game last Saturday, in spite of the bearish talk that always emanates from the camp of old Eli, and the bullish sentiment that infected the Harvard following this year. Yale's victory was all the sweeter because of the unsportsmanlike position taken by Harvard shortly before the game, of insisting, as a prerequisite to the game, upon a list of officials of her own choosing. In order not to disappoint the public Yale swallowed her mortification and accepted the list. This humiliating state of affairs doubtless added to Yale's vim in the game and contributed in a measure to her victory. P. S. W.

Dr. Crapsey.

The religion of larger view, freed from such irrational interpretations of tradition as are no longer tenable in the light of reason and research, is honored by the accession to its ranks of Dr. Crapsey, of Rochester, whose conscience is cast in too heroic a mould to allow him either to conform his beliefs and teachings to the doctrine of the ancient creeds "as the Church hath reviewed the same," or to sit passively in spiritual stultification. The ecclesiastical court of review, on the 19th inst., affirmed the finding of the lower court, and directed that Dr. Crapsey be read out of the Protestant Episcopal priesthood, unless within thirty days "the respondent may see his way clear to satisfy fully ecclesiastical authority of such conformity on his part." That suggests sixteenth century tactics, and is reminiscent of the Diet of Worms, where the arch-heretic of Protestantism refused to let his conscience make of him a craven. There are some notable utterances in Dr. Crapsey's letter to the bishop of the Western Diocese of New York, in which the writer yields with a noble pathos to the court's decision, but expresses unequivocally some views as to the final triumph of spirituality and freedom of thought over the moss-grown dogmas of revealed religion, that cannot fail to impress the real truth-seeker as a prognostication already well on the road to fulfilment. While the court's decision is final for him, Dr. Crapsey says, "I am equally certain that it is not final for the Church. When the great tribunal of free thought has decided this contention, the men who administer the Church on earth will conform to this decision." . . . "I am about to carry our case to the high court of the free, intelligent and the enlightened conscience of the world, and if I win it there, I shall win for every church and every soul in Christendom. If I fail before that court, it will be because I am wrong in my conception of truth, and then I shall be glad to fail, for my contention is not for my conception, but for the eternal truth of God." Dr. Crapsey will not fail. Verily the Truth shall make us free.

Twenty-fifth Infantry.

That the President may have acted too hastily and somewhat ill-advisedly in the matter of ordering the discharge without honor and with no respect of persons of three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, because of their connection with the Brownsville riots, is shown by the general public disapproval, by the evident hesitation of Secretary Taft to carry out the Executive's order, by the attitude of the conservative *Army and Navy Journal*, which characterizes the order as high-handed, and declares that it violates the army regulations, and by the probability that some of the proscribed soldiers can prove an alibi by reason of furlough. Moreover, many Americans, who, like Mr. Roosevelt, cherish a fine sense of honor, and who as boys at school were grounded in the honorable principle that betrayal of one's fellows marks the betrayer as a cowardly poltroon, are asking themselves honestly if the principle involved in this Brownsville affair is not analogous. Perhaps it is not, but at all events the President, who always intends to play fair, should reconsider the order, in view of the storm of objections, and not promulgate another until he is satisfied that no innocent soldier is being punished with the guilty. Through inadvertent impetuosity the President's ordinarily good judgment seems to have failed him in this instance.

San Francisco.

As though earthquake and fire were not enough the labor-ridden city of the Golden Gate has had to bow to the curse of graft as well. Facts and conditions are coming to light, through the indicting of Mayor Schmitz and his Machiavelli, Reuf, that are incredible, preposterous, even when we call to mind the palmiest days of the municipal gray wolf in American history. Unionism, as disastrous a form of tyranny as could ever be charged to the account of capital, coupled with lecherous blackmail and reckless bossism, has conspired to ruin a fair city. A single ray of hope shines forth. Two of the leading villains have been indicted for blackmail through the courage of the people's attorney, and the spark of righteousness that has managed to live in the heart of an outraged community. Scourged by the terrible forces of nature, polluted within with the gangrene of corruption so that even relief money from the Nation's treasury has found its way into the coffers of the gang, in the merciless clutch of Union control, San Francisco is today in a pitiable plight, a municipal object lesson unworthy of our American traditions. P. S. W.

The Week

The Pope and France.

That the pope has recently asked public prayers for apostate France is regarded as an indication that he sees no further opportunities for action; the affair has gone beyond human intervention, and only prayer to a divine power can avail. Assuredly there is truth in the adage, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," but there must be some reason for the quite common assumption that men pray over the impossible things and quietly perform the deeds that are possible. Is it not quite as true that God works through human instrumentalities, and even God does not —cannot—grow a harvest other than according to the seed that is planted? "Rome" is but reaping today the harvest of its own planting in France.

Indian Troubles.

The time of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs has been largely occupied the past week in hearing arguments for and against the removing of restrictions on the sale of Indian lands. The Supreme Court has at last rendered a decision upholding the verdicts of lower courts. The "squaw men"—white men who have recently married Indian wives—shall not share in distribution of Indian lands. A few weeks ago an Indian uprising was narrowly averted. For a few days a repetition of the Custer massacre seemed more than possible. The record of this government in dealing with the Indians is not one to be proud of, and apparently the "grafters" are not all freed from positions of temptation yet.

San Francisco's Troubles.

The work of municipal housecleaning goes vigorously on in earthquake-stricken San Francisco. Mayor Schmitz, landing at New York, was confronted with his own indictment. He started for home determined to fight not only for himself, but for his political partner, "Boss" Reuf. The case against the latter, however, has since become so grave that the Mayor has intimated that Reuf must lookout for himself. Chief of Police Dinan has also been indicted and suspended from office pending trial. A large part of this grafting has apparently been done since the earthquake.

Tillman's Chicago Speech.

Chicago is used to incendiary utterances, and despite the attempts of the newspapers to use Senator Tillman's visit to the city to fan race feeling into a flame, his speech passed off without disorder—a fact exceedingly creditable to the colored people of the city. The speech itself was a disgrace chiefly to the man who made it, and its utterances were so extreme and so vulgar as to have no weight whatever. The survivors of the old South, with its traditions of courtesy and breeding, must blush to have their section of the country represented by a vulgarian like Tillman.

Dr. Crapsey.

Dr. Crapsey bows his head to the adverse verdict of the highest court of the Episcopal Church, and with dignity and grace surrenders his ministry. There is something peculiarly pathetic in such a martyrdom occurring in the midst of the full dawn of the day when such things shall be no more. It is in vain that the court pleads that it was but acting in accord with the laws of the church. It was perfectly competent for it to make note of the fact that those laws had ceased to be in accordance with an increasing sentiment in the church, and to rule that the case should be continued pending consideration of the question of revising the laws of the church. It now remains to be seen what growth shall spring from the seed which the blood of this martyr has sowed. What do the liberal men in the Episcopal Church propose to do about it? Will they let him suffer alone? Or will they rise up and demand for him and for themselves and for the future of this great church the intellectual liberty without which any religion must soon fall into contempt?

The Shea Trial.

The trial of C. P. Shea, leader of last year's teamsters' strike, is notable first for the complete breakdown of the old and discredited method of selecting a trial jury. It took three months' time, $28,000 in money, and the summoning of 6,800 veniremen, to secure twelve men to try Shea and his fellow conspirators. Even so slow-moving a body as the Chicago Bar Association is rising up to suggest a change. The second notable thing about the trial is the unexpected turning of state's evidence on the part of three of the defendants, one of them a former president of the Teamsters' Union. This coup on the part of the state has completely demoralized the defense, and the trial opens with abundant revelations of the grafting which has frequently been charged against Shea. It promises to be an exposé of the corruption of labor-unionism in Chicago.

The President's Arbitrary Act.

The President has refused even to consider the question of modifying his order expelling from the army in disgrace two whole companies of soldiers, most of whom are guilty of nothing worse than the honorable crime of refusing to tell on their comrades. Such an act of injustice cannot fail to work great injury to the army. The race question has properly no place in it. It is simply a question of a square deal, and the sober judgment of the country is that Mr. Roosevelt in this matter has not given a square deal. Such arbitrary action, taken abruptly and without the support of his leading advisers, reveals a quality in Mr. Roosevelt which reconciles me to his retirement at the end of his present term. In his old age he would be a typical despot.

The Caruso Incident.

Signor Caruso, the Italian tenor who had been convicted and fined for an insult to a woman in Central Park, was received upon his next appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House with an ovation which testified the sincere sympathy of the public with a famous artist who had been overtaken in a fault and punished with a terrific humiliation. The American public is patient and good-natured, and, despite the assertions of some of the Italian newspapers, wholly free from race prejudice in a matter like this.

Taxation of Wealth.

There is every indication that the President intends to urge his program of punitive taxation of wealth upon Congress at the session now opening. It is brave, but it is not sufficiently fundamental. Remove the roots of special privilege, and we shall not have this giant growth of individual wealth. Moreover, it will be hard to make the common people see just where the proposed taxation benefits them. Mr. Roosevelt would let the robber keep on taking their goods but would compel him to divide with the government. But to divide with the government, in the present condition of things, is far from being equivalent to dividing with the people.

Keeping the Coal Lands.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission has made an exceedingly important recommendation to the effect that all coal lands now remaining in the possession of the government should be withheld from private ownership. It is none too soon, for the land thieves have already been at work with their crooked schemes to obtain possession of these great natural resources. No greater service has been rendered to the American people by any member of the present cabinet than by Ethan Allen Hitchcock in his vigorous warfare against the men who are robbing the people of their lands.

The New Municipal Court.

"A new broom sweeps clean"—and while the new municipal court law, displacing the old justice courts in Chicago, is regarded by lawyers as being open to many criticisms, its inauguration has at least the merit of making a clean sweep of the old justice shops which have been the center of all manner of petty evils. The new court is given a dignity which the old system never had. Its members start in with a deep sense of their responsibility and with the eye of the public upon them. It was a fitting thing that their oath of office should have been taken in the little old log courthouse of Cahokia, erected by the French in 1716, and now removed to the Wooded Island in Jackson Park. One of the first troubles of the court seems to be with the newly elected Chief Bailiff, whose face was posted over all the fences of Chicago in the recent campaign with the legend "A square deal for all"—the meaning of which was quickly taken by the job-seeking politicians with unsavory records who have already begun to find places under him. Fortunately the judges have the power of removing these underlings.

Sunday Closing in Chicago.

The act of a liquor dealer in pleading guilty and paying a small fine for Sunday selling in a suburb of Chicago, has resuscitated the movement led by some of the church people of the city to compel Mayor Dunne to enforce this law, which by common consent has been treated as a dead letter for many years. The difficulty with this movement is that in the long run its success would certainly prove a boomerang. The serious attempt to enforce that law in Chicago would result in its being wiped from the statute books at the very next session of the legislature. The people who imagine this would not be the case simply do not know Chicago. For this reason, while heartily in favor of Sunday closing, I regard this movement as an unfortunate one and likely to result in more harm than good. W. B. T.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Morality is a fabric, of which the warp is efficiency and the woof is worth, but it is an integral fabric, never perfect, perhaps, but never wholly deficient, woven out of that continuous, varied, but essentially unit material, human conduct.

MON.—In nearly all instances a failure to advance does not mean a safe standing still, but a decided retrogression.

TUES.—Such experiments in goodness as the world has so far made, feeble and inconclusive as they are, warrant the far-reaching generalization that if we were infinitely wise we should be infinitely good.

WED.—The duty of knowing is not an abstract duty to be admitted and then put aside, but a practical, daily obligation, which ought to influence a man in his choice of occupations, books, companions, amusement.

THURS.—The impressing of habits is the main business of life, whether the process be called evolution or education.

FRI.—Individual good fortune and social welfare are essentially the same thing.

SAT.—Our gains in automatic goodness have added dignity in that they are not confined to the individual; they become the heritage of the race.

—*The Children of Good Fortune, by C. Hanford Henderson.*

The Best of Gifts

Elizabeth Barton was in tears. This statement may not seem remarkable, but it is. Elizabeth was not given to tears, and the more excuse there seemed to be for them the less likely she was to seek their refuge. As a prairie home missionary's wife, she had learned to find or make a bright side to the most gloomy outlook. When that precious first home of her bridal days was swept away in an autumn gale which took the prairie fire across unheard of spaces in its work of destruction, she had faced the future bravely, and in the long privation following had smiled in a brave attempt to imitate those wonderful early saints who she read "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods." While her neighbors cowered in their cellars in dread of a threatening cyclone, she had faced the worst, still smiling at the thought of "stormy wind fulfilling his will." But today she did not smile. She wept over the fair and welcome contents of a costly express package from her Eastern home.

She knew how much love went with every gift. She knew, as the givers could not have known, how hungry her beauty-loving eyes had been to rest on just such fair and dainty things as were now unfolded, but all the more she wept. It seemed to her such a sad fate to be always receiving and never giving. How she would rejoice to send to her dear ones gifts as welcome as these; but that she could never hope to do, and she had no text for this occasion.

I suppose Elizabeth would not have given way in this childish manner if she had not thought herself safe from observation. But even the luxury of a study in the church—until the weather demanded a fire—could not shut out all worldly cares, and the home missionary had discovered his faithful horse entangled in her picket rope and had gone to her relief. Then what was more natural than to look into the cosy little home for just a word with the bright little woman he had left so busy with her new possessions half an hour before?

When the source of her grief had been unfolded, Elizabeth was given her text. It was the same dear old one that she had herself thought of bitterly, but with a new thought. Did she begrudge to her dear ones the best? Was she not willing to take the lesser joy of receiving that they might have the purer bliss of giving? What pleasure had gone into every plan and every purchase? What if there had been no one to send to? Then, too, if she could not give such gifts to them she could at least taste afresh the pleasure of "passing on." The lovely etching in its simple yet expensive frame could best hang where the pretty but cheap photograph had so long cheered her, and that picture would so brighten up the walls of the bare schoolroom. The lovely calendar of choice quotations would make it easy to spare the much-loved, long-used wall roll to the lonely invalid she knew.

And, after all, was it not possible that she could give as much as she received? This hope came to her as the minister walked back to his study revolving in his mind the text which had just come to him: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"

She was putting the new calendar in its place when the thought for Christmas Day met her eye: "How rarely do we remember that he whose birthday we set apart for the giving of gifts had no gift to give to anyone except himself."

Could she give more of herself to the distant ones who loved her dearly and missed her sorely? Why not make a map of her little home for mother? She could then see just where the new picture hung and the one which had been her birthday gift. She would know from the position of the new rug in front of the home-made lounge how exactly it fitted in as though chosen for the place. Could she not with even her little skill make the surroundings so vivid that it would almost seem to the one who thought so often of that little far-away home, as though she had seen it? There was grandmother, whose dear hands had knitted the fine, long-wristed mittens. Elizabeth was recalling not a week ago the childish days when grandma taught her how to knit, and at the same time engraved upon her memory many a grand old hymn and pleasant story of her own childhood. Had she half often enough let grandma know that she loved these memories? Brother Tom should know how useful his carved letter case would prove and how proud she was of his progress in manual training. She would also enliven her own next washing day by thinking out for him a rhymed version of their adventures on the way to that country wedding when they found a bridge burned and had to turn aside through a Russian settlement and in vain ask their way in all the dead and alive languages at their command.

These little plans and several others were carried out in the weeks that followed. More and more Elizabeth tried to share the everyday joys and sorrows of her life with the dear distant ones, with the distinct gain that each felt the other nearer. "We look forward to your letters," her mother would often write. "You always have so much to tell us." "Christmas is coming," said her sister to a friend. "I shall receive half a dozen handsome cards, perhaps. Not one of them will be to me what a letter from the sender would be. But Elizabeth, though she will not have money to buy me any gift, nor is any gift out there worth buying, if she had the money, will contrive some way to send me a precious bit of herself to which I quite look forward."—*Julia Sargent-Visher.*

"As I walked by myself
I talked with myself,
And myself said this unto me:
Make friends with thyself,
Be true to thyself,
And thyself thy good angel shall be."

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

ALBERT RÉVILLE, 1826-1906.—It was with a keen sense of personal and national loss that the representatives of one hundred and five Reformed churches assembled at Jarnac a month ago received tidings of the passing away of Albert Réville, long beloved pastor of the Walloon Church at Rotterdam and now for many years the distinguished professor of religious history at Paris.

Though well aware that his end was near the venerable man sent his son, Professor Jean Réville, from his bedside to Jarnac to assist in the great effort to maintain fraternal unity among the different groups and tendencies in the Reformed Church of France. Was this last evidence of a life-long devotion perhaps one element in the almost unhoped for success of that memorable assembly?

In the columns of *L'Protestant* deep and heartfelt rejoicings over the outcome of the Jarnac conference continue to be mingled with loving tributes and scholarly appreciations of the sage who has passed away, and whom some of us seen and heard for the last,—or perchance for the first and only time—at the Liberal Congress last year in Geneva.

The following details of his life and work are from a sketch by his friend, M. Bond-Maury:

The science of religions, protestantism and France have just lost a man, who, equally devoted to the three causes, did them all the greatest honor and of whom it may be said that he was a shining light on the often obscure path of the human spirit. Albert Réville passed away at Paris on the 25th of October last, after a long illness, which though it broke down the physical powers, left his keen and fine intelligence intact to the very last. He was an indefatigable worker, a publicist wielding a ready and productive pen. An enumeration of his works would require a volume. We shall attempt here only an outline of what he was as pastor and servant and a character sketch.

Descended from a pastoral family of Dieppe, he early felt a call to the "ministry of the Word," as our fathers used to say. After thorough courses of study begun under the national theological faculty of Geneva and completed at Strasburg—and already knowing English—he fulfilled the duties of a pastor at Nêmes, and later at Lunaray, when barely twenty-three years of age. Two years later he was called to the charge of the Walloon Church, in Rotterdam, a post which he filled for twenty-two years (1851 to 1873). In this city, where commercial activity did not exclude intellectual interests, he gathered about his pulpit a select audience, attracted by preaching full of the very essence of the scriptures, enriched by the stores of his personal experience and extensive reading.

But it was not through sermons alone that the French pastor of Rotterdam exerted an influence. From about 1860 he lectured with great success in Belgium, at Strasburg and in Switzerland on points of religious history or political topics. He was a regular correspondent of the *Temps*, from its foundation. At the same time he contributed to the *Revue des Dux-Mondes* a series of popular articles on the work of German and Dutch theologians. Among articles of this period may be mentioned: *Les Controverses et les Ecoles religienses en Hollande* (15 June, 1860); *Theodore Parker, un Réformateur américain* (1 Oct., 1861); *le Docteur Baur et l'Ecole de Thuringue; les Origines du Nouveau Testament* (15 July, 1864); *Terlullien et le Mintanisure* (1 May, 1863; Nov., 1864); *Irénée et les Gnostiques* (Feb., 1865); *Saint Hippolyte, le Pope Colliste et la Société christienne de Rome au IIIe siécle* (June, 1865); etc.

While living in the Netherlands Albert Réville never lost his interest in the course of French protestantism. He was one of the first to join the Society for the History of French Protestantism, organized in 1853; he contributed articles to the *Lien*, of Paris, the *Progrès religien*, of Strasburg, and on his trips to Paris or Dieppe never lost an opportunity of defending in public speech the right of free inquiry in matters of faith. Such an utterance, for instance, was his sermon on the "Salt of the Earth," which the intolerance of an orthodox consistory prevented his preaching in Paris, but which in print made a great stir in all French speaking countries. In this he showed that it has always been the minorities in religion that have led the way in the progress of humanity. The expression of his own broad, Christian faith may be found in *Recueil de douze Sermons*, published soon after his departure from Rotterdam (1874).

After the disasters of the "dreadful year" Albert Réville, whose love for France was at once ardent and intelligent, grew homesick in the Netherlands. He longed to return to his native land to aid her by word and deed to recover herself. This was the real motive which led him to abandon his dear Walloon church and the city of Rotterdam, where he was universally esteemed. Settling then (1873) quite near Dieppe, his native place, he exerted his influence on the political life of his native land in favor of the Republic, while carefully keeping clear of local politics, writing weekly for *L'Impartial*. His fellow citizens showed their appreciation of his services by electing him councilor of the district and he might have become a deputy had he wished, but he had other ambitions. The best of his time was devoted to his favorite studies in religious history, which, twenty years before had brought him the degree of D. D. from the University of Leyden for his *Etudes critiques sur Saint Mathieu* (1860). Later he had published a series of studies on the *Origines du Nouveau Testament et la question des Evangiles* (1864-1866), the *Divinité of Jesus Christ* (1869), and *Histoire du Diable* (1870).

On returning to France he extended the field of his research to Judaism, the religion of the Phenicians, Islamism, etc. Hence, when, in 1880, Jules Ferry created in the *Collège de France* a chair of the history of religions, Albert Réville was, unquestionably, the scholar best qualified to fill it worthily. In the open letter announcing his candidacy, he frankly stated his position: the student of religions should neither be dogmatic nor irreligious; he should feel free to exercise his critical privilege concerning all religious cults while showing sympathy for the religious sentiment as such. This attitude was approved by the Ministry of Public Instruction, who in 1880 appointed him to the chair; and in the more than twenty-six years that he filled it the professor never departed from this strictly scientific method.

After the *Prolégomènes* (1881) in which he defined religion, revelation, the myth, symbol and rite, and adopted a classification of the various cults, A. Réville studied successively the *Religion des peuples non-civilisés* (1883), the *Religions du Mexique, du Péron et de l'Amérique centrale* (1885), the *Religion chinoise* (1889); then he took up Judaism and the history of Christianity. From these courses resulted his work on the *Vie de Jésus et les antecedents de l'Histoire evangélique* (2 vol., 1897). It was a difficult subject to treat after Ernest Renan; yet, I venture to say, that Albert Réville, while inferior in point of style to his illustrious rival, seems his superior in accuracy of detail and in the rigor of his conclusions. This book, which he revised for a second edition, may be regarded as his theological testament.

When, in 1886, after the suppression of theological faculties in France, M. Liard opened a section of Religious Sciences in the *Ecole des Huntes Etudes*, A. Réville was named as its president and for twenty years conducted the conference on the history of dogma. In this connection he studied the Trinity, the Eucharist, Original Sin and Redemption, etc.

The work of Albert Réville during this quarter century is considerable. Kreuzer and Guignant, Max Müller and Alfred Maury had been only pioneers indicating the way for the study of comparative religions. Albert Réville was the first among us to make it a systematic study with a regulated method. The *Revue d'histoire des Religions*, founded by M. Guimet and successively edited by M. Maurice Vernes and M. Jean Réville, shows in the richness and variety of the articles published in its 52 volumes what an impulse our savant gave to this newborn branch of the historic sciences.

Albert Réville having received the strict moral training of the Reform, had a positive worship for the truth. In his written, no less than in his spoken word, he gave evidence of his absolute sincerity, the slightest reservation, the most excusable compromise, would have seemed to him like hypocrisy. He was no less enamored of justice, and when in a certain celebrated affair it was proved to him that an innocent officer had been condemned, he protested loudly against the judicial error, and in the paper, *Le Siècle*, opened a campaign in favor of a revision of the trial. Justice and liberty were inseparable in his eyes from the moral grandeur of France. He had a passionate love of country, considered the army as the instrument of its defense, nay, more, of national redemption.

He was not less devoted to the Reformed Church and energetically defended its liberties against those who, under pretext of loyalty to the Calvinist belief, sought to surround it with the Chinese wall of a creed. He followed with solicitude the double evolution which brought the sons of the old orthodoxy and those of the old rationalism nearer together on the basis of inward religious experience and freedom of individual criticism. Could he have known the result of the assembly at Jarnac, he would undoubtedly have hailed it as a great step toward the union of all the Reformed churches of France.

As head of a family he exemplified all the best Huguenot traditions, combined with the charm of the Gallic wit. Seconded by his charming wife, his home, whether in Rotterdam or Paris, was a center of wide hospitality. The most cruel of trials was the death of his son, André, a gifted youth of rare promise. This loss was borne with Christian fortitude. He had at least the consolation of seeing the best characteristics of his race perpetuated in a lovely daughter and two other sons, ornaments of the bar and the university, and in his grandchildren. In short, in Albert Réville character was no less lofty than heart and intellect, and one could fittingly apply to him the favorite motto of Thiers: *Patriarm dilexit, veridatem volnit*, adding thereto: *Deum amavit in Christo et homénébus.* M. E. H.

Lincoln to Burns

(From Lincoln's Statue, Edinburgh, to Burns' Statue, Chicago. By Wallace Bruce.)

A well-known voice rings far and free
From Calton Hill ayont the sea;
A listening people fondly turns
As Lincoln speaks to Robert Burns.

"Auld Reekie" asks me to convey
Her love with mine across the way,
And decks me weel wi' mony a flower,
For "now's the day and now's the hour
When you shall stand uncovered there,
With manly heart and forehead bare,
Beside the breezy northern lakes
And feel the pulse the century wakes.

It minds me of that glorious day
When I to Scotland found my way,
One August morn in Ninety-three,
To speak the message of the free;

And learn what narrow waters part
Columbia's sons from Scotia's heart;
Ay, Robbie, I remember still
My greeting on old Calton Hill.

So take today with worthy pride
Your welcome as yon prairies wide;
The fertile valleys of the west
Bloom fairer for their Scottish guest.

Slow to accept the draft you drew,—
A world-wide claim, long over due,—
Now every heart its offering brings.
And every land your glory sings.

O Robbie, you can never know
How great the debt to you I owe;
In many a darksome hour of care
Your tender words I used to share.

When calumny came thick and fast,
By malice hurled or folly cast,
Your songs were all in all to me,
I turned aside—my soul was free.

You saw the cotter's humble home
Grow wide beneath fair freedom's dome;
And every hope to manhood dear
Transfigured in your dreams appear.

You knew God liked the common soil,
And hands made brown by honest toil:
"He must have loved plain people well,
He made so many like oursel'."

Yestreen I heard a braw Scott say:—
"There's Burns and Lincoln by the way,
A cabin boy and cotter lad—
Dressed up in bronze is nae sae bad!"

I thanked him Robbie for that word,
The sweetest that I ever heard,
And told him how I lived with thee,
And why you were so dear to me:—

Born in the glorious dawn of time
You caught the far off golden chime—
"To every land, to every sea,
Proclaim the voice of Liberty."

You heard a People's protest rise
From gilded throne to listening skies;
The ringing words subscribed that day
In "man to man" survive for aye.

The age your ardent boyhood knew
The first full breath of freedom drew,
And "Scots Wha Hae" is dearer still
For Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill.

You saw with joy the starlit birth
Of yonder flag o'er all the earth;
And deified to keep us free
"The sacred posy—'Libertie'."

You hailed with pride what patriots won
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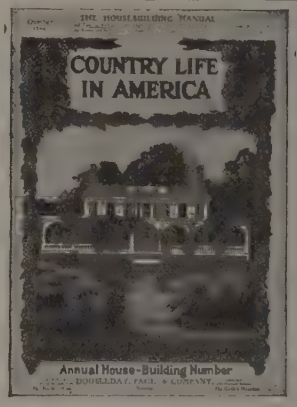

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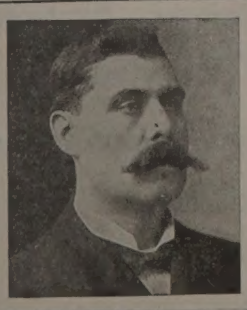

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